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# THE JOURNAL

Always bear in mind that The Journal is first of all a newspaper, and that in its columns you can find everything of interest pertaining to Summer resorts, seashore or country.

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## DYING, HE BLESSES HIS CHILD'S MARRIAGE.

Then, on the Wedding Night, Joseph J. Tiffany Peacefully Expired.

His Beloved Daughter Anna and Charles Brown United at His Bedside.

Feeling That His End Is Near, the Father Asks That the Marriage Take Place.

ALL THE FAMILY IN THE SICK ROOM.

Notices Published Simultaneously of the Marriage and the Death at the Brooklyn Home of the Aged Patriarch.

Before the sound of the marriage bells for his daughter had died away, and almost before his congratulations of the happy young couple were finished, Joseph J. Tiffany, of No. 1088 Bedford avenue, Brooklyn, died.

Mr. Tiffany's death was not unexpected, and it was because he knew his end was near that the marriage of his daughter, Miss Anna Tiffany, to Mr. Charles Brown, of Flushing, was solemnized. The ceremony was performed at his bedside.

It was the original intention that the wedding should not take place until Fall, but some time ago Mr. Tiffany was taken ill. Three weeks ago he was able to be out and attended the funeral of an old friend. His daughter and her intended congratulated him upon his advance to recovery, and the future was rosy for all. That was the last time he was able to be out. The next day he was worse, and the doctor was afraid that an operation would have to be performed.

DEATH CAME ON A Sudden. On Friday last, the operation which it was hoped would spare his life and allow him to see his favorite daughter married was performed.

After the operation the physicians knew that his death was a question of only a few days, and Mr. Tiffany, who wished to know, was told the truth. The following day he requested that the daughter and Mr. Brown be married by his bedside as soon as it could be arranged, saying that he could die happier if he saw her married, and that he had always hoped to be present when his little girl should become a wife.

In accordance with the dying man's wishes, it was arranged to have the wedding on Sunday, the doctors believing that it was safe to postpone it a day. On Sunday afternoon the immediate relatives of the bride and bridegroom assembled at the house and Rev. W. W. Bellinger, of St. Mary's Episcopal Church, was called in to perform the ceremony.

SMILED ON THEIR UNION. The young couple stood by the bedside of the dying man, and with hearts filled with mingled emotions of happiness and sorrow listened to the Episcopal marriage service read by the minister.

When the words "Who gives this woman away?" were spoken the dying man placed his daughter's hand within Mr. Brown's and said, "I do," smiling as he did so. As the couple were pronounced man and wife they knelt to receive a blessing, and were

## MAN HALF UNDER HER BED

Miss Dooley, Awakened in the Night, Steps on His Face and Nigh Him Arrested.

To the mind of Miss Ann Dooley, spinster, of New Brunswick, N. J., the next worst thing to a man under the bed is a man only half under it. According to her own story she has not neglected to look under the bed one night in twenty years. It is the last thing she does before snuffing out the candle every night. She has apartments on the second floor of No. 20 French street, and never sleeps well unless she is satisfied there is no one under the bed. Sunday night Miss Dooley made the usual search and then went to bed and to sleep. It was long after midnight when she was awakened and heard some one in the room. For some minutes she lay in bed and shivered, though the night was warm. Then she determined to rush from the room and seek help from the people on the first floor.

Cautiously she put one foot from the bed. As she did so it struck squarely in the face of a man. With a frightened shriek Miss Dooley jumped across the room and ran downstairs. She soon came back with assistance and lights, and Jacob Stillwell, a bartender, twenty-two years old, was found on the floor half-way under the bed. Stillwell lives in the same house and said he was drunk and did not know how he got into Miss Dooley's room. She would not accept the explanation and yesterday had him arrested for attempting to rob her room. He will have a hearing to-day.

## BABY'S LUCKY PLUNGE.

His Fall of Three Stories Rendered Harmless by a Hook in the Fence.

It is not every boy that can fall several stories and not even receive a scratch, but that is just what two-and-a-half-year-old Raymond Fleigh, of No. 124 Tyler street, Paterson, N. J., did yesterday afternoon. Young Fleigh not only fell, but turned somersaults on the way down.

The boy had clambered up on the window sill of the Fleigh apartments in the absence of his mother and was trying to push open the shutters, when she returned. Just as she was about to lift him down the weight of his body caused the shutters to fly open and the boy disappeared.

Mrs. Fleigh rushed downstairs, screaming frantically, and, when she reached the yard, was surprised to find the infant uninjured and hanging by his clothes from a hook in the front fence.

## A SLAP AT ENDEAVORERS.

Their Attempt to Convert Ingersoll by Prayer Denounced as "Idiotic" by Rev. Dr. Quayle.

Cleveland, May 12.—Bishop Fowler, of Topeka, Kan., presided at the session of the Methodist General Conference this morning. Francis J. Cheney, of Central New York, put the conference in an uproar by introducing a resolution disclaiming any responsibility for the utterances of Rev. Dr. Quayle, of Missouri, in committee meeting yesterday afternoon, concerning the Christian Endeavor Society. The resolution further says that the conference has every confidence in the Christian Endeavor Society.

Rev. Dr. Quayle, who was formerly president of Baker University, Kansas, said that he did not say that the Christian Endeavor Society was idiotic, but that he did say that the attempt of the society to make a prayer test by praying for Ingersoll, the great agnostic, was idiotic. He said that he thought the conference voiced this sentiment on that subject. A hundred voices cried "We do!"

"I then move," said Dr. Quayle, "that the resolution be laid on the table." This motion was adopted amid applause.

## H. E. ABBEY AND WIFE NOW LIVING APART.

Trouble in the Family of the Theatrical Man Ends in Separation.

Has a Falling Out with His Wife in Chicago and She Comes to New York.

Goes to Her Home with Her Daughter and Her Husband Stops at the Gilsey.

FRIENDS SAY IT IS TEMPORARY.

Confident That the Misunderstanding Is Not Serious and That a Reconciliation Will Soon Come.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry E. Abbey have separated. For nearly three weeks she has occupied the Abbey flat in the handsome Grenada building, No. 100 West Fifty-ninth street, with her stepdaughter, Miss Kittie, while Mr. Abbey has had quarters at the Gilsey House.

## KIPLING HAS TWO HOURS OF WOE

His Case Against Balestier Heard Before a Vermont Justice.

"It's Awful! Awful!" Cries the Author as His Secrets Are Probed.

Tells of the Threats of His Brother-in-Law, and Says He Didn't Like Them.

BECOMES A ROARING LEGAL FARCE.

Kipling Is Able to Appreciate the Humor of the Situation, and Laughs a Loud "Ho! Ho!"

On Saturday last Rudyard Kipling made application to the Justice of the Peace of Brattleboro, Vt., for the arrest of his brother-in-law, Beatty Balestier. Mr. Kipling claimed that, on the preceding Wednesday Balestier had excitedly demanded that he (Kipling) should disclaim certain reports, granting him a week in which to make the denial. If at the expiration of the



Beatty S. Balestier. The brother-in-law who threatened to kill Rudyard Kipling.

## OUR W. W. ASTOR AN AMERICAN AGAIN.

His London Newspaper Suddenly Upholds Uncle Sam as Against Spain.

Declares That the Awful Misrule in Cuba Is Universally Recognized.

United States Is Right in Contending That the Competitor's Crew Must Not Be Killed.

REFERS TO THE VIRGINIUS AFFAIR.

Britishers Reminded It Was Their Man-of-War That Stopped the Slaughter. Freedom for the Island Probable.

By Julian Ralph. London, May 12.—The Pall Mall Gazette is more like the property of an American than it ever appeared before. It says: "The American-Spanish-Cuban atmosphere is clearer, and there will be no war



## RUDYARD KIPLING GIVING EVIDENCE TO SAVE HIS OWN LIFE (?)

Taking the oath.

"Er—E-r—no, my wife takes care of the business matters of my household."

"Well, you see, I had just fallen off my bicycle and had hurt myself, but I was calm—oh, yes, I was perfectly calm."

"Incidentally I have written a few things."

"I don't want to log in a lot of stuff from England."

The intimate friends of the Abbess say that the separation will not be permanent, and is due purely to a little domestic friction which will in time be healed.

The quarrel which ended in separation occurred in Chicago less than a month ago. Mr. Abbey went there on business connected with one of his opera companies and took Mrs. Abbey and his daughter with him. They occupied a suite of apartments at the Auditorium. Everything seemed to be running along in the usual pleasant routine, when loud words were heard one afternoon in the Abbey apartments. No importance was attached to the incident at the time.

Shortly afterward Mrs. Abbey sent inquiries to the office of the hotel regarding the time of leaving of the through trains

week such denials were not made. Balestier said he would kill him. Kipling preferred not to wait for the threatened crisis, and invoked the aid of law. The case was tried yesterday and resulted in Balestier being held for the Grand Jury in \$400 bonds, and \$400 more to keep the peace.

Brattleboro, Vt., May 12.—For five years the people of this country have been curious to know about Rudyard Kipling. For five years Rudyard Kipling has studiously and systematically kept himself to himself, thereby heightening the public curiosity which he strove to avoid. Newspapers, magazines, weekly periodicals and literary syndicates of all kinds have sent representative after representative to this town to interview this interesting man, and each time the effort failed, and Rudyard Kipling became more reserved than ever.

To-day came the crash. In a legal proceeding that had every element of a farce comedy trial, before an old-fashioned Justice of the Peace, amid the laughter and the stares of a hundred farmers and idle townpeople, and in the presence of a dozen newspaper men, to whom he had again and again refused to speak of himself and his life, he sat for four hours, the victim of two long-winded country lawyers, who vied with each other in dragging from him the details of his family troubles and his domestic life. And between his sensation of disgust with the whole affair and his thorough appreciation of the humor of the proceeding, he found himself in the most amazing situation that ever fell to the lot of a distinguished literary man.

"Oh," he said, "if I could only get on a steamer now and go far, far away!"

As he sat there with all those open-mouthed staring people listening to his recital of his attempts to reform a shiftless relative, and heard his own words twisted and garbled by the lawyers on both sides, he wished many a time that the floor would split open and let him sink out of sight. And between a profound sympathy for his pride that was being so ruthlessly trampled upon and an overpowering enjoyment of the ponderous arguments of the lawyers and the ludicrous rulings of the justice, who sat with his knees cocked up against his chin, one knew not whether to become indignant over it all or to roar with laughter. So Mr. Kipling felt, and in all probability he will pack up his household goods and leave Brattleboro, never to return, and then, when his indignation has simmered down, he will write a tale of New England justice that will be funny.

So far as the State of Vermont was concerned, the proceeding was a hearing to establish the fact whether Beatty Balestier, Kipling's brother-in-law, who had been arrested for using opprobrious language and threatening to harm Kipling, should be held to await the action of the Grand Jury. Lest this fact should be lost by the reader, as it was throughout the entire proceedings, it may be said here that he was so held. But while under ordinary circumstances such a question would have been disposed of in less than ten or fifteen minutes, it lasted in this case over five hours, during which Rudyard Kipling was the only witness examined. At the end of his examination he was compelled to undergo an additional hour of torture by listening to the lurid summing up of both sides.

The hearing took place in the Town Hall. When Kipling arrived and beheld the crowd that had assembled he sank into a chair and gasped, "It's awful! awful!" To ap-



## RUDYARD KIPLING ON THE RACK.

The author spent two hours on the witness stand in a Vermont Justice's court and told how his brother-in-law, Beatty Balestier, threatened his life. Kipling was forced to reveal his family secrets and suffered severely from the probing of inquisitive lawyers and the amusement manifested by the delighted auditors. Balestier was held for the Grand Jury, and also on bonds to keep the peace.

prelate the personnel of this court of the peace, one should see the Justice, the lawyers and the Sheriff. Justice of the Peace Newton is a man of sixty-five, the type of a weather-beaten New Englander, tall, spare, clean shaven and extremely dignified. He sat throughout the entire proceedings with his chair tilted back and his hands hugging his knees as close to his chin as he could get them. The Sheriff sat in front of him waiting eagerly for the audience to laugh or shout, so that he could cry "Order in the court room or the trial can't go on!"

George B. Hilt, who appeared as counsel for Beatty Balestier, is a man of tremendous proportions, red faced and ponderous in voice and manner. He was as serious as a grave-digger throughout the hearing, and Kipling, who took great interest in observing him, frequently covered his face with his hands to hide a smile. The State's attorney of the county, C. C. Pitts, is a young man, full of fiery ardor, who would rather go without his dinner than miss an opportunity to make a speech. Beatty Balestier, a young man with a very red face and a powerful frame, maintained an attitude of great dignity throughout the day, and only smiled when Kipling told how he had been friendied him.

After the respondent had pleaded "Not guilty," Rudyard Kipling was called forward and sworn. Holding his right hand aloft he repeated the oath after Justice Newton, and then sat down. For the next two hours he was in a state of great unrest. He did not remain in the same position more than a minute at a time, and his constant shifting betrayed intense nervousness. He would cross his legs, uncross them, crumple his soft hat into a ball, throw it upon the floor and then immediately stoop to pick it up and busy himself in straightening it out. Frequently

he would clasp his knees and stare intently at the floor, and a moment later would throw himself back in his chair in an attitude of abandonment, which never lasted more than a minute.

"What is the relationship between you and the respondent?" began the State's attorney.

Mr. Kipling seemed startled, and after a moment's hesitation replied: "Er—He is my wife's brother," and immediately he shifted his position.

"I will call your attention," continued the prosecutor, "to last Wednesday. Will you please tell what took place between you and Mr. Balestier?"

"Well," said the witness, "between 4:30 and 4:45 o'clock I came down the road on my way to town. I was on a bicycle, or, rather, I had just fallen off."

At this a snicker went through the court room.

"Mr. Balestier," resumed Mr. Kipling, "overtook me in the middle of a place they call The Pines, at the foot of the hill."

"State in your own way," grandly burst in the State's Attorney, "what occurred between you?"

"Well, I was trying to sit on my bicycle, when Mr. Balestier came along, driving a buggy. 'See here,' he said, 'I want to speak to you.' 'If you have anything to say,' I replied, 'tell it to a lawyer.' By gee," he said, "this is no case for lawyers, and I want you to understand that if you don't retract the d—lies you have told about me in town I will either knock or kick (I am not sure which word he used) 'the d—soul out of you.' Then he called me one or two scattering names. He said something about blowing out my d—brains. Then I said: 'Let's get this thing straight. Do I under-

inside of a fortnight. Spain naturally does not feel quite happy. The Spaniards in Cuba are wild with rage, and Werler is in a condition to be avoided by his dearest friends.

"It is all very well for the Times's correspondent at New York to say the contention of the United States is that the trial of the filibusters must be regular, which means by the civil courts. Should the five men who were sentenced to death by the court-martial be handed over to the civil courts and there be convicted and sentenced to death, the contention of the United States would be that the sentence must not be carried out.

## Would Result in Cuba's Freedom.

"More than that, should it be carried out, Cuba, or any part of it, would in a few weeks no longer be under the Spanish flag. The interference of Americans with Spanish rule in Cuba is not recognized by the government at Washington, which does its utmost to preserve friendly relations between the United States and Spain, but a very large proportion of Americans sympathize with the Cubans, and detest Spain, particularly that bit of Spain which is represented by Havana.

"They remember the cold-blooded way in which the passengers on the Virginian were shot down there in 1875, and it should be remembered in this country as in America that the partial massacre would have become wholesale had it not been for



## MR. AND MRS. HENRY E. ABBEY, WHO HAVE SEPARATED.

Though thought by their friends to be a devoted couple, the theatrical manager and his wife quarrelled while in Chicago recently, and Mrs. Abbey returned to this city with her daughter and went to their home. When Mr. Abbey returned to New York he went to the Gilsey House, where he is now stopping.

congratulated by the father, who was propped up in bed with pillows to witness the ceremony.

During the marriage the family stood about the room with bowed heads, wondering if the father would be able to stand the excitement. When the wedding was over Mr. Tiffany had the young couple sit by him for some time, and talked with them as much as his strength would permit him.

Before the day had become night the reaction set in, and he began to sink rapidly. Just before midnight he was dead.

Mr. Tiffany was for fifty-four years a resident of Brooklyn, and for forty-one years he was connected with D. Appleton & Co., the publishers. The notice of his death and his daughter's marriage appear side by side in the newspapers.

The funeral services will take place to-day from his late home, Rev. Mr. Bellinger officiating. The interment will be in Greenwood.

and Dr. Buckley, of New York, moved to expunge the resolution from the Journal.

"I have been accused by the newspapers of being a drunkard," he said, "but I paid no attention to the charge. So we should not pay any attention to the secular press."

Rev. A. B. Leonard said he knew Ohio newspaper men to be very enterprising. They had accused him of being an "old soaker." He thought the motion to expunge should be adopted. After much confusion the motion was adopted.

New Yorkers Buy a Railroad. Green Bay, Wis., May 12.—The Green Bay, Winona & St. Paul Railroad was sold to-day at public auction. The main line was purchased by M. T. Cox and G. W. Wickorham, of New York, who represented a reorganization committee of the bondholders, for \$1,000,000. The La Crosse branch was purchased individually by M. T. Cox, of New York, for \$250,000. They were the only bidders. The road is valued at nearly \$3,000,000.

for New York. Mr. Abbey left the hotel for a few minutes, and on his return found orders had been issued for the removal of the trunks of Mrs. Abbey and his daughter to the Lake Shore depot, to take the New York limited that afternoon. He did not interfere. Mrs. Abbey and Miss Kittie came to New York and went at once to their home at No. 100 West Fifty-ninth street.

## MR. ABBEY GOES TO A HOTEL.

Mr. Abbey returned a few days later and found apartments reserved for him at the Gilsey House, where he has since resided. Shortly following her return came her public announcement that Mrs. Abbey had decided to return to the stage next season. Since that day Mr. and Mrs. Abbey have not met. Her absence from the closing performance of the opera season at the Metropolitan Opera House, and also from Henry Irving's opening at Abbey's Theatre was

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Continued on Second Page.